THIS WEEK-END ---FOREST THEATER "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

THE DAILY CARMELITE

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ON PAPER WINGS

Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite

by ... FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Los Angeles police figures show a loss of three million dollars by crime the past year. Ten thousand vagrants were arrested. Robberies, other than blackmail, cost one and a half millions. The chamber of commonness views with alarm,—what? The crime cost? No! The decreased business, the empty hotels, apartments, the busting of the booster boom.

¶ ¶

YALE has erased Latin and Greek as a degree need. Good! Nobody ever learned either in college. My neighbor who got her M. A. at twenty-six, a little bent frontward, from the fibble vertebrae, by study, had ten years of both. I quizzed her. In Latin she remembered: *Piggo, Piggery, hoggeye, lardum.* In Greek, *thalassa,* but glimmered, *zoe mous sos agapo,* without knowing what it meant.

¶ ¶

A TABLOID says Cal quit his five-dollars-a-word newspaper column because he caught his literary ghost too close to his (Cal's) stenographer. The real reason was, probably, that the burden of a daily hundred and fifty words of hooey was too heavy. Ex-presidents are human, after all.

¶ ¶

America the Menace, a new book by a Frenchman, Georges Duhamel, is hateful towards the United States. It is no truer, though bitterer, than American tourist ideas of Paris. It indicts us for industrialism, which was invented in Engand a hundred and fifty years ago. Industrialism will be, must be, or millions will starve. To guide and control it are the best we can do.

¶ ¶

IF one could believe certain indications, Hamilton Fish, the D. A. R., radio utterances from New York, newspaper fears, and market tape, the great engineer, Hoover, would share honors with G. Washington who, so far, was the only revolutionary President in our prosperous country.

¶ ¶

THE free lunch is back in Frisco speakeasies of the fifty-cents-a-drink class.

Weston in Retrospect

by PAULINE G. SCHINDLER

It is good to see as full a statement of the remarkable photographic work of Edward Weston as we have presented to the eye this week in Carmel at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

This is a sequence uttering the growth of a man from intention to realization, from outer to inner, from form toward essence.

The work of Weston's earlier years told the enchantment of an eye. An eye which looked intently upon its world and was peculiarly awake to what it saw. But it saw then pictorially, it was concerned with "art," with selected forms, with contrast, with light, shadow and the vocabulary of plastic representation. By comparison with the later work it is sometimes almost "arty." Certainly it is romantic; guilty even of picturesqueness.

But this eye dwelt in the brow of a man superbly simple, frank as the straight line of a beam of light. This sequence of photographic work shows the turning of this eye from the "picture" of the thing to the very thing-in-itself. To the actual being of organic things—of fruit, seed, stem, leaf, rock. The sound of a forest growing must be immense; but to the human ear it is silence. To Edward Weston the silent has become audible, the motionless is mobile, the pressure of the fruit outward from within, the rhythms of exhalation and of groth, are for this eye actual.

It is without comment that Weston tells what he sees Nevertheless, it is evident that the sight of what is, has for him an immense richness, as though his contemplation had convinced him the planet itself had its own ecstacy.

He has taken the large and seen it small; he has seen the minute immense through

—CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE

International Vistas

Dr. F. B. Averardi, of Turin, and Professor of Germanic Literature at the University of Florence, is in Carmel for the summer. He was invited to come to the United States, and to give lecture courses on European literature and drama by Nicholas Murray Butler and Otto Kahn, directors of the Institute of International Education. Dr. Averardi has just completed his lecture tour, which included Harvard, Yale, Stanford and the Universities of Wisconsin, Chicago, and California. His last lecture group was given at the University of Southern California on Italian Poetry.

The Italo-American Society brought Dr. Averardi to America in order that he might create centers of Italian culture in America. For this season, the lecturer has chosen subjects designed to stimulate real interest in such things as the poetry and art of the Middle Ages, modern Italian drama, and the comparative literature of France, Italy, Germany, and England.

Among Dr. Averardi's work is a volume of translations of Elizabethan drama into Italian, and he is soon to publish a book on the great painters of the Renaissance. He is greatly impressed by the appreciation and zest with which his lectures have been received by college students in America. While Dr. Averardi is not officially a Fascist, he is a personal friend of Mussolini's, who instructed him not to be a "travelling salesman of Fascism," but to inform the American people about Italy's tremendous past and brilliant present in the field of culture.

POLICE COURT

A "Peeping Tom," brought before City Judge R. H. Hoagland yesterday, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, suspended on condition that he leave town, not to return.

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Personalia

Mr and Mrs. Frank Sheridan and son, John, returned yesterday from an extended stay in Hollywood. Following in his father's footsteps, John Sheridan recently made his film *debut*.

Following their concert last night, the Brosa String Quartette left for Mills College, where they give the last of a series there tonight. Immediately following this concert, they will go East, sailing for Europe in two weeks.

Mrs. Marie Gordon and Miss Mary Lindsay-Oliver returned yesterday from a visit to Mills College. Sunday afternoon a reception was given for Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, sponsor of the Brosa String Quartette in America. The Brosas played two movements of Mrs. Coolidge's own quartet during the afternoon. Mrs. Gordon and Miss Lindsay-Oliver also attended the symphony concert at Hillsborough, conducted by Pierre Monteau.

Mr. David Alberto, Carmel composer and teacher of music, is near the completion of his new book on music which will be published this winter by the Etude Magazine Company.

Miss Maxine Cushing entertained at her home on Santa Lucia Monday night with a birthday party in honor of Mrs. Carol Veazie, who plays an important role in "Beggar on Horseback" at the Studio Theatre.

Carmel is a popular retreat for educators from all sections of the United States. Professor Vernon Kellogg, Stanford etymologist, has recently returned to Carmel from President Hoover's summer camp on the Rapidan river in Virginia. He was Hoover's right hand man in Belgium during the world war.

Two friends of Professor Preston Search's are here in Carmel for the summer. Doctor Charles L. Lane, State Normal College and now a member of the California State Board of Education, is visiting with Mrs. O. Harris on Carmelo street. Dr. Frederick Treudley, Professor of Education at Ohio State University, is here visiting his son-in-law, Mr. P. Wilde.

An eminent political economist of Stanford, Professor Samuel S. Seward, is now in Carmel. He is the grandson of Lincoln's Secretary of State, William Seward. It was Secretary Seward who negotiated the purchase of Alaska from Russia for seventy-five hundred dollars.

WESTON *from page one*

a magnifying glass. Scale does not matter, is meaningless. An onion halved——a cabbage fragment. (And there is no doubt possible concerning the ecstasy of this ardent growth. Let the flippant visitor entitle the photograph "Passionate Cabbage" and be ridiculously right.) Whoever has looked upon these photographs and contemplated them comprehendingly, will hereafter see the urgency and the push in the leaf springing from the branch.

One spectator will see these photographs as purest realism; another as dealing with pure abstractions. Here is a picture (not in the present exhibit however) which is a lifting of light toward incandescence. Awe is the feeling with which one contemplates it, perhaps because of some subjective association of the upward-pointing flame with the gothic arch—the vaulted roof, the silence, shadow mystery, vastness in no measurable scale. "But what," you shyly ask, after long contemplation," is it really?" "The interior of an artichoke." Or a part of a leaf is seen as light in motion, rhythm and pulsation of light flowing like water. The painter Orozco says of another—fragment of sandstone lying among pebbles—that it explains all of modern French painting.

Our creators in the arts—painters from Orozco to Rivera—seeing the work of Edward Weston, acknowledge it and rank it with what is of high significance in the work of our time. The intent of the painter and that of the photographer are, if they are artists, identical —to see what is; to enter deeply into the nature and being of the visible; and to communicate the experience.

COLORFUL CRAFTS

An unique program will be presented at Del Monte Hotel Friday evening at eight thirty when Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Newman of the Wayside Colony, Long Beach, California, exhibit rare and artistic specimens of American handcraft and tell the romantic story of tapestry weaving.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman will appear in Spanish costumes which were made in Andalusia by the costumer to the King and Queen. On their visit to Spain last year they presented a rug made with their own hands to Alphonso XIII, who was then on the throne, and they will exhibit a duplicate of this rug as well as many other artistic floor coverings and wall hangings.

Mr. Newman will give a short program of Spanish songs and will tell the intimate relation between the development of color sense and mental growth.

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J. A. COUGHLIN ..... *Editor and Publisher*
A. R. GLYDE..... *Business Manager*
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Carmel Day by Day

by THE GADFLY

Up and anon. Thoughts while meandering. Suffered a congested peeve for two days on a journalistic feature-attempt in Monday's Oakland "Tribune." Two columns wasted on a fictitious Meouw-Menace in our precincts. Local carver in stone *a la* Praxiteles was billboarded as hurling his equestrian boot at a feline intruder. The whole typographical mess was on Cats and their naive ways *d'amour* about our pines. Much space was spent on phantastic quiddities by some of the local Montmarts satirizing the Mice-Wallopers. Anything to impress the urban yokels that we are, indeed, idiosyncratic. Why use Cat-ology to get this over? Now, Oakland, you tell one—no matter how bizarre. I'll wager my antennae that we'll have a more whimsical come-back. Alack—to what base depths doth the Czar-Publicity herd some. Oh, fertile spot for copy—lead thou me on.

Some of our majestic pines on the Avenue received a facial. Why not treat some of the store-fronts the same? Several could stand the tactics of an architectural beautician. One opposite Dispensers of Dulces looks rather mossbacky; others here and there still vie with the forest primeval. At least, cosmetize them and make them look like Dolores. She certainly graduated from the Mother Hubbard class although in spots she could yet have a few moles and scars removed by the electrolysis of progress. She will; give her time; she's only a flapper as yet.

Visited the City Park; looked around at that desert-waste; again that Manurial Mansion confronted me. How that Equestrian Castle haunts me in my meditative moments. I tried to visualize that Park with all the pulchritude of San Francisco's Civic Center. Don't laugh; even Gadflies indulge in utopianism betimes. But if that's a park, then I'm a rheumatic centipede. Per a modest suggestion—why not use it for a parking purposes? At least, it would justify its name.

Woman asking native how to get to the Mission. Native displaying sclerotic efforts in directing wistful and trusting creature. I listened in and heard the befogged details. If that lady ever found the Mission, she must have worked the labyrinthine caverns of the Catacombs at some time. Ask a tourist, if you want to know anything about yer hum-town. Says me in cahouts with the Cook's Tours. Sunny boy again doing his get-away. See you anon.

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

by SUSAN PORTER

The Forest Theater production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" which Herbert Heron is presenting in Carmel this week has a set which we would gladly show to Shakespeare himself. Under the night sky and the pine trees that we love an oak forest fills the stage and gray moss sways a little in the soft wind. Pools of water in front reflect the soft lights and gleam in the shadows. There is space for the fairies to dance and the clowns to rehearse; there is a runway for Duke Theseus' stately entrance and some low steps somewhere. But it is all forest, grave and simple and beautiful as it should be.

And by the way, the log where tired bewildered Hermia lies down to sleep—do you recognize that log? It was hauled out of the woods for the first production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" sixteen years ago. It has been used in every play with any sort of woodland setting ever since. Sometimes it stood up, sometimes it lay down; sometimes it was hung with vines, sometimes it was crowded with childen. It has grown old, and it has grown smaller; once it was only just saved from the bonfire to warm the shivering cast one chilly night. But saved it was, and here it is, and Hermia sleeps upon it. While it lasts, we tell each other, the Forest Theater is safe.

NOTICE

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he has sold the restaurant business known as "Paul's Chop House" (and also as "El Dorado") to Mr. T. L. Edler and that his responsibility for debts incurred in the name of said business ceased on July 22, 1931.

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CURTIS'

PARLOW AND TILLY IN VIOLIN-PIANO SONATAS

A Review by MARY LINDSAY-OLIVER

A white light shone through chamber music Saturday evening at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. A high light, lit by the spark of the genius of inspiration. It was Kathleen Parlow surpassing even the greatly rendered Cesar Franck a week ago, and Margaret Tilly reaching a fresh standard of ensemble that added laurels to her achievement. Exubriant and elevated, a performance of the Beethoven Sonata in C, the Brahms in A major and the contemporary Pizzetti in a performance that was highly remarkable for the strength, the verve and the brilliancy of its accomplishments.

Nothing could have been more grateful than opening with the Beethoven. Its familiar contours of melodic development and rhymic flow supplied the right background for the Brahms, and both artists were happy in its relative values. To the Andante of the Brahms, Parlow brought of her best—and how precious that best can be when withal so satisfying. The subtle sweep of its melodies were given with a tone of such balance that the beauty was almost poignant in its perfection of nuance.

There is a feeling with Parlow that makes one believe she could vitalize the most abstract and unemotional music into something of spiritual or emotional beauty, so penetrating is her aural decernment and her deeply musical and impassioned nature.

The whole program was on a more sweeping level of achievement for each artist than the one a week ago, and after the Pezzetti bravos and intense excitement called and recalled them. This vivid, interesting and esthetically beautiful modern sonata carried the audience off their feet. Here was dramatic passionate emotion and inspiration in a modern harmonic freedom of treatment that convinced immediately. A work that will live was being heard by the composer's chosen interpreter. The *tempestuoso* first movement was followed by the haunting, sublime and aspiring *molto largo* in which both artists found a transcending quality that used them for the benefit of the listeners in moments of the highest *rapport*. All of which makes musical history that is of the greatest asset to Carmel's culture, and a great performance, wherever it might have been given.

(The Brosa recital will be reviewed tomorrow.)

DECIBELS

When you lie in the shade of "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" this summer and like it, one reason for your pleasure and relaxation may arise from the fact that the trees are only whispering a total volume of twelve decibels as against a total of fifty-seven for your office, seventy-five for Ocean Avenue, onehundred fifteen for airplanes and general family discussion. By way of explanation, offered by the Forest Service, a decibel is a unit of sound, invented by acoustic engineers and measured by an acoustimeter, the whole being due to the development of the radio art and its need for scientific measurement of noise.

DRAMA IN THE SOUTH

The Pasadena Community Playhouse will present its next play, "Saturday's Children" by Maxwell Anderrson, August sixth to the fifteenth. This comedy presents an intimate study of modern American home life, and ex-satirical manner many human frailties. Following this play there will be a revival of "The Marriage of Kitty" by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox.

THE FOREST THEATER

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DIRECTED BY HERBERT HERON

THURSDAY JULY 30
FRIDAY JULY 31
SATURDAY AUG. 1
SUNDAY AUG. 2

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